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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 7, 1883.

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hand,-but few their equal. In style and quality, second to none.

CALL AND LEARN PRICES. Cor. Thirteenth and K Streets, near | no one who could set it all right? A. & N. Depot.

THE GLORIES OF SWEET CORN. In the meantime Dora had hidden her basket, locked the door, and kneeled 'Mong vegyt'bles de tu'nip hez a pow'ful lot ob fren's; down by the side of the bed. She was praying with all the strength of her little

er bawn, Dar's nuffin at dis time ob yeah ter ekil sugah

Chorus—O sweet cawn! O sugah cawn!
W'at mo' kin yo' de-iah!
Jis' bile hit wid de shucks on,

De beet er red an' full ob juice—de pa'snip makes good stew; reddish relishes wid bread-termattah De green cowcumbah'll cut yo' off, in chil'-But sugah cawn'il make yo' fat. Hi! golly! hit's serblime!

De cabbage an' de summah squash, de string. and would in His own good time set all bean an' de pea, All fin' de table, col' er hot, 'twixt breakfus' time an' tea; But cl'ar de bo'd ob all sich truck—de cawn er w'at I take; -Albany Argus.

CAPTURED, the whole South at that time was very through the pass." rigorous, and supplies of any kind were rarely smuggled through the Union

smoking in the door of his tent, one of will not need the medicine you are carhis outlying pickets presented himself, rying her," he said, as they parted. red and blown with running. "I've got 'em, sir! It's some ov thim rebels—hookin' it across the lines. I brought 'em to with a round turn!" have been so good to me," she said, dropping Spot's reins and holding out both hands. "I wish I could do some-

"Where?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, as he jumped to his feet. He was young and zealous, and had not yet had a falls into your hands, you little rebel," chance to prove his zeal. "Rebels he replied, laughing. breaking the lines, eh! Well done, "Carrying provisions, sir!"
"No doubt! No doubt! Arms and

they? Were they taken prisoners?" back in the woods, sir. I jest fotched it house, being spacious, was taken as a

hauled out a little girl of about ten years | sufferings until the surgeons had dressed of age, carrying a basket. A donkey their wounds. stood beside her. "There they be, Leftenant! She was

thought you had captured a dozen men, you braggart! Who are you, my child?" "I'm Dora Nettley, sir.
Dora was a chubby, freckled child, with honest brown eyes, which reminded the Lieutenant of his little sister away out in Michigan. Still, important information, maps and dispatches had often

a bearer of information, child though "Where did you come from, Dors?" "From Martinsburg, sir." " And what have you in that basket?" The child's face grew red, she shut

her lips tight and remained silent. "Search it, Wright." "Here's tea, sir, and a little package oi sugar, and here's a bottle of quinine

"Where are you going with these things, Dora?" She looked wildly from side to side, into passionate sobs. "Oh, let me go, months, I'd buy her a little tea and sugar and

"How do you know she is sick?" "Patsey told me. Patsey's the coach-man. He followed the soldiers up to ering of all the Graham clan, big and Martinsburg. He said there was nobody to take care of her." "And you rode from Martinsburg here on this donkey?"

"Yes, sir." "And meant to pass the lines?" Dora nodded and her eyes sparkled. This kind-faced lad was not so terrible a steps were heard on the porch without, a hundred times before."

Wright's face was eagerly turned to tenant. What harrum kin she do with young girl following him. Her eye her bit of ta for her sick mither? I wish | were brown and oddly honest and frank. I'd been in betther business whin I Colonel Graham, his hand out, stopped teched you, sissy." "I wish you had," said Dora, simply,

"How does it happen that your mother is alone?" asked the Lieutenant. " Where is your father?" was a quick-witted child, and had seen do for him was to marry him. the pity and sympathy in the officer's

-to lie "Where is your father, Dora?" he "In the army!" she faltered. "Fighting for the Union?" said Graham, quickly.

There was a long pause. "He is with Lee," she said, at last. "And your brothers?" "They are with Dick Ashby." The young officer turned away impatiently. He had hoped to find a pretext

for being of service to the child. "Walk down the field a bit, Leftenant, an' kape yer back this way, whispered Wright. "I'll give her the wink to be off. And what harrum's done?" "No. I am sorry, Dora, but I can not let you pass through the gap. It is If they are ordinary vapor, they must against orders." She did not make any noise, but

"She's not an enemy," cried Dora, or solid form when cooled down to orangrily. "She's mother."

According to this Lieutenant. He lifted her on the don- of ordinary vapor, for under all condikey and led her to the farm-house, where tions their temperature must be below the wife of General R- had her quar- the condensing point of water-wapor.

she sobbed. "Oh, I want mother."

woman, and he told her the story. "I am going to the commanding officer to telegraph for a permit for her to pass the lines. You can discover whether she has anything contraband concealed on the honesty of the child."

"You will have a ride of twenty miles in the hot sun, Lieutenant," said Mrs. Monthly. R-. "Do you know the child?" "No: but I can not help thinking. what if that poor woman yonder were undertakes to show that a considerable my mother and this child little Alice?" change in the climate of any place may my mother and this child little Alice?" change in the climate of any place may Mrs. R—took the girl up to a little be brought about by artificial means chamber, which she told her should be Any bashful young man who has found her own until the Lieutenant returned; himself in a room full of lively young kissed her and left. She felt impatient girls, and inadvertently takes a seat upon with the dreadful turmoil and sorrows a chair on which one of them has placed of the war. This poor mother, dying her knitting, with several kneedles alone perhaps, and the child wandering through the country! Why was there unanimously agree with the English

Our Young Readers.

DOT'S STOCKINGS. heart to God to help her. And on the Briskly fell the snow's white plumage,
Tossing o'er the barren moor,
While Kris Kringle's jolly features
So belied the weight he bore.
Fast the pearly fiakes were falling,
Glad his hoary head to crown,
Making darkness light about him,
As though angels dropped them down. other side of the mountain, in a solitary house, her mother lay alone, her hands covering her pale, worn face, while she too, spoke to the same Friend, who had been her Friend in whom she had trusted

all her life. Down the valley galloped the Lieu tenant—a stranger to them both—prompted, he thought, by a casual likeness of the child to his sister. Yet was there not some One who heard their prayers and made of this man the agent to answer them? The One who could

this turmoil and all others right? At the end of the day Lieutenant Graham opened the gate of the farm-house. Mrs. R-, with Dora, hurried to meet

"I know by your face you have succeeded," she said. " Yes: the General is the most inex-Near the beginning of our late civil orable of foes as far as men are con war. Lieutenant Graham was stationed cerned, but he has a wife and children with a few men to guard a gap in the of his own. Here is a permit and an Virginia mountains. The blockade of order for a guard to take the child

The officer himself rode with the guard into the gap. "Good-by, my little pris-oner. You will soon be with your moth-One morning, as the Lieutenant sat er, and I hope you will find that she Dora's eyes were full of tears. "You

> thing for you." "Oh, be good to the first Yankee who Up jumped Dottie with a stocking, There is a sequel to our little story Mrs. Nettley, with her daughter, re-moved for safety to her brother's plan-

tation in the eastern part of the State, ammunition, too, of course. Where are where they remained during the war. After a skirmish which took place 'in The man looked sheepish. "They're the neighborhood, Major Nettley's temporary hospital, to which the wound-"It!" What on earth-" The Lieu- ed of both sides were carried. Dora and tenant followed Wright, who ran to the her mother were busy among them, dowoods, dashed behind a copse and ing what they could to alleviate their

There was one young man of about twenty who was wounded in the leg. footin' it past the pickets, singing Dixie | Dora, as she raised his head to give him to herself as asey as yer please."

a drink of water, met his ey
"Take your hands off the child! I had a strangely familiar look." a drink of water, met his eyes. They "What is your name?" she said, as she took the cup from his mouth.

" Felix Graham."

"What regiment?" "Ensign. Fourth Michigan." Dora ran to her mother, fairly stammering in her excitement. "He is so like the Lieutenant at the been carried by women and children gap, mamma! And the same name since the war began, and this might be And I promised! I promised!" Mrs. Nettley in her turn grew interested and excited. She went to the commandant when the time came for

sending the wounded Union officers away. "There is a young man among them," she said, "whose wound will probably prove fatal if he is moved. I owe a debt of gratitude, as I believe, to one of his family-or at least to one of his name. If you will leave him I wilt nurse him as faithfully and well as I can."

Mrs. Nettley was a woman whose requests were usually granted. Felix her chin quivered, and then she burst Graham remained in her house for two It's my mother. She is down on Four years after the war was over, the plantation, all alone. The negroes our old friend, Colonel Graham (for-

have all followed your army, and my merly Lieutenant), came home to Michimother's alone and sick. I just thought gan from San Francisco, where he had engaged in business after his discharge from the army. It was his first home-coming, and

little. "But where is my new sister?" he said to Alice, "I wish I could have got back in time for the wedding. To think Felix went to a Virginia for a wife, af-

ter all!"

"Here they come," said Alice, as foe, after all. "I was just going down and the boys rushed out to meet Felix the gap-road. I have ridden it on Spot and the bride with "He's come! he's come! The door opened and Felix, bearded the officer. "Oh, lit the child go, Lef- and sunburned, came in; a shy, chubby

perplexed. "Who?-Dora!" he said. "Dora!" "Yes, Dora," she answered. "I kept my promise," laughing mischievously. "You told me to be good to the first Dora's cheeks glowed a fiery red. She Yankee who fell into my hands. Here looked at the ground uncertainly. She he is; I thought the best thing I could

Dora's mother and uncles followed eyes. If she could hide the fact that her to Michigan. Since then there have her family were actively concerned with been many family gatherings, where the Confederates there was a chance the Nettleys and Grahams-once such that she would be allowed to pass. But bitter foes-recall the events of the war. seeking only to remember how much that was human, and tender, and brotherly, was mingled with the terror and misery of that far-off time.- Youth's Companion.

What Are Clouds?

Though the clouds are such familiar objects, very little is known about them. and the processes by which they are formed and give back their moisture to the earth are unsolved mysteries.

They can not be classified as belonging to the solid, fluid, or gaseous form of matter. Yet they are defined as being "a collection of watery particles in the state of vapor, suspended in the air." Golong, in a tone of great surprise. be governed by the laws which affect vapors. Brande defines vapor thus: dropped on the grass and buried her "When liquids and certain solids are face in her hands. "I want mother!" heated, they become converted into "Ye see, child," explained Wright, from gases in this respect, that they are not under common circumstances perto the inimy." elastic fluids or vapors, which differ "Come with me, Dora," said the definition, clouds can not be composed ters. She was a gentle, motherly At the elevation at which clouds are often seen, they are in the regions of perpetual congelation; and as they float above the highest mountains they must be exposed, even in the sunshine, and certainly in the night, when the solar about her. But I would stake my life heat is not poured upon them, to temperatures colder than those of the frigid zones .- C. Morfit, in Popular Science

> - A writer in an English magazine writer .- Norristown Herald.

Sings his heart its sweetest carol,
Twinkles his gray eyes so bright,
As he pictures the sweet children
In their happy homes tonight.
What cares he that snow is drifting,
And the cold is so intense,
When he sees dear Dottie's chimney
Peeping over yonder fence?

Down the chimney now he's creeping,
Dark and sooty, dim and drear,
Yet his heart is light, though heavy
On his back lies Christmas cheer.
"Quite a journey I've accomplished,"
As he shook himself quite free
From the soot. "Now where's Dot's stock Here 'tis. But what do I see? Whose is this, and this, and that one?

One last year, but now three more.

I am old, ju t turned of eighty,
But can count—one, two, three, four.

Well, I'll fill them," said Kris Kringle;
"May be Dottie wants a pile

Of nice goodies. Here they go in.
Now, my boy, you're fixed in style." He guessed rightly; Dot was greedy, For he did love candles so. This was why he hung so shyly Four bright s.ockings in a row. Morning came; Dot was in raptures. What a pile of juscious things
Hung within that old black chimney!
But hark! now the door-bell rings.

In came Neighbor Gray a-sighing. Times, he said, were very dull; And his little Sam grew weaker. Oh! his heart was very full. Wife, he said, had watched beside him Through the cold and bitter night, And he came to ask for something— Only "just a little mite."

Bursting with its festive bliss.

Here," he said, to that poor neighbor,

"Give dear little Sanmy this." Just then came the widow's children— Pretty, but so very poor— Mag and Mamie, nearly frozen, Traveling o'er the barren moor. *Come in quick," said little Do:tie. "What's the matter? pray explain."
We are going for the doctor,
'Cause the baby's got a pain."

Mag and May each had a stocking When they left the farmer's door.

Oh! 'twas well that little Dottle

In his chimney hung up four -Harper's Young People.

THEIR CHRISTMAS TURKEY. The shop of Mr. Onosender Golong looked, that 24th of December, like a said with a chuckle, when he sat down bower. Two young cedar-trees stood on the barrel of potatoes again. one on each side of the doorway; long "The very image of him!" said the garlands of evergreen, sprinkled with girl, with great emphasis. bright berries, were festooned all over "The boy," began the boy the walls; and every turkey there, and more, "had run errands for him two there were lots of them, hanging like or three times, and each time had got some new kind of gigantic fruit from the two apples or oranges besides the reg'mass of green that covered the ceiling, lar pay; and he was good to eats and had a gay ribbon tied around its neck. dogs. So this chap went to this gentle-And such a wonderful picture in the man—he took his sister along, 'cause he at the capital when the Professor, comway of freshness and color as the big thought Mr. Golong would like to see window presented to the passersby! her-and they told him their story. And Bunches of crisp light green celery lean- the boy says, when it was done: 'If you brother-in law for some weeks, he ining up against heaps of brown, pink- would only trust us for a turk-I mean, eyed-potatoes and honest red onions; a turkey, and a few other things, I'll fiery-looking peppers side by side with work for you all holiday week, and angolden oranges and yellow lemons; other week, too, after school. My hard, smooth, shining cranberries try- name's Neal Todd, and my mother is a ing to look as though they were sweet; real nice woman, and I love her just as great pumpkins; piles of green and you used to love your mother when you piles of rosy apples; bunches of fragrant was a little boy.' And the gentleman, thyme, and more turkeys, some with says he: 'Being as it's Christmas-time, and some without their feathered coats, and I look so much like Santa Claus, but all, as I said before, with gay rib- I'll do it.' And he did. And that's bons around their necks. Dear me! if all." Santa Claus could have only looked Mr. Onosander Golong burst out ainto that window and peeped into that laughing, and oh! how he laughed! He shop, how pleased he would have been, laughed until the tears ran down his and how he would have laughed! And cheeks. He laughed until he nearly fell he certainly would have taken Mr. Ono- off the barrel. He laughed until everysander Golong for a long-lost brother, body far and near who heard him for never before did mortal man so laughed, too, and the very roosters in strongly resemble the children's old the poultry shop over the way joined Christmas friend. Snow-white hair, in, and crowed with all their might and long, snow-white beard, twinkling blue main. And they got the turkey. -Mrs.

holly berries pinned here and there on his shaggy jacket, and s laugh — good gracious! such away in huge baskets, and sent to their versation. respective destinations. But he wasn't "Twenty-five cents," replied the grofrom his work to give a piece of meat of the cranberry barrel. to a poor do; that had trotted hopefully "Whew! The price hasn't been constanding before him, also asking for acidity of the cranberries. something with their eyes. They were

Well, small people, what can I do for referring probably to the crackers, "We would like to tell you a story," answered the boy, in a frank, pleasant in the course of a year, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, please-a Christmas story, was the reply. "Bless my heart! what a queer idea!" said Mr. Golong, and he laughed a silent laugh that half closed his eves collar, and his mother is talking about a and wrinkled his nose in the funniest cravat. Our box of matches is not

Wouldn't you like to hear one?"

asked the girl coaxingly.
"Of course I would—I'm very of stories-but I don't see how I can spare the time. We're so busy just now, and likely to be until night," said Mr. Golong.
"It's only a short one," said the boy.

gan, "there was a big tenement-house a can of condensed milk, but he didn't in this city, and ten families lived in it, wrap it up for him, and tie it with a and every one of these families 'cept string, and ask him "What else?" but one knew they were a-going to have he gave it to him in an off hand, careturkey for their Christmas dinner. They less sort of way, just behind the ear. knew it sure the day before Christmas, The generous grocer then jumped over all 'cept this one. The family that the counter to secure the trade of the wasn't sure the day before Christmas stranger by giving him an ax-handle, morning lived on the top floor, and it but the stranger, without waiting for was-it was-"

store; and Hetty cleans up the house, and gets the supper, and such things; and I-I mean Neal-runs errands for folks when he can get a chance after school. His mother wants him to go to school till he's fourteen, anyhow, cause a boy that has some education can get along better than a boy that don't know anything. And this family, though they were very poor, had always managed to have a turkey dinner till the Christmas I'm telling about, and Mrs. Todd loved turkey."

their dog. Mrs. Todd is one of the best

mothers ever lived, and she sews but-

ton-holes on boys' jackets for a big

"Didn't Hetty and Neal" asked Mr. Golong, closing his eyes and wrinkling his nose again; and he hurried away to wait on a stout lady, all covered with glittering jet ornaments and bangles, who must have been a very particular customer, she talked so loud and so

"Didn't Hetty and Neal?" he repeated, when he came back. "Oh, my! I guess they did!" said the girbher eyes sparkling. "They'd a been funny fellows they didn't," added the boy; "but, 'pon their words and honors, they wanted it more for their mother-she's such a good mother, and has so few things to eat-than they did for themselves. And it made them feel awful bad when she came home and cried 'cause some wicked thief had stolen her pocketbook with half a week's earnings in it,

ner with besides. And so the boy Neal-he's kind of a nice chap, ain't he, Hetty?" "Awful nice," replied Hetty, with a mischievous little g ggle.

"And he says to his sister-she's aw-

ful nice, ain't she, Hetty?" "Kind of nice." said Hetty, with another little giggle. "He says to his sister." continued the boy. "Don't say anything to mother, but put on your hat, and bring a basket, and we'll make a try for a merry Christmas dinner-turkey and all.' And they went round the corner to a beautiful market, kept by a gentle- renew their marriage vows, which they man who looked exactly like Santa quickly did.

particular customer.

Claus -"

eyes, round, fat, red, good-natured face, sur cap on his head, bunches of

A Generous Grocer. The family had recently moved into a loud, hearty, mirth-provoking laugh, the suburbs of Austin from the wilds of that the very people on the street, hear- Arkansaw. The head of the family. ing it, began to smile, and feel that who was a tall, thin man, afflicted with Christmas was here, indeed. And I tell red hair and the Arkansaw dialect. you Mr. Onosander Golong was busy went over to the nearest corner grocery that day, and so were all the men and to lay in a supply of family provisions. boys employed by him. Turkeys and "What are you quoting condensed other thin s that had been ordered the milk at per whole can?" asked the evening before, turkeys and other things stranger, reaching down with one of his that had been ordered early that morn- paws and lifting a quart of cranberries, ing, and turkeys and other things being which he chucked, one by one, into his ordered all the time, were to be packed open mouth during the pauses in con-

so busy but that he stopped a moment cer. putting a washboard over the top "Don't sell half a can of milk. Be-

poorly dressed children, but the girl sides if I did let you have half a can, had a sweet, bright face. and the boy what would you put it in?" growled was as jolly-looking a little fellow as the grocer, looking savagely, as he you could find anywhere. His cheeks clapped the cover on the sugar barrel. Hope conform to the "law of storms" were as round, if not as red, as Mr. Go- "Put it in? I'd take my half in the preci-ely as they do in Europe and the long s, and his merry black eyes actual- can of course. You could pour your ly danced in his head. Now if there half of the milk into one of those new was one place in Mr. Onosander Go- tubs, or into a bottle. That's your looklong's heart softer than the rest, it was out," and the stranger absent-mindedly the place he kept for children: and so cut off a generous slice of cheese, and when he saw these two looking up in reached into the cracker barrel. The his face—the boy with boyish boldness, grocer covered up the crackers, fondled and the girl with girlish shyness-he the cheese knife in a very significant eastern coast of Africa, is shown by said, in the cheeriest, kind st manner: manner, and said with a sneering smile, these researches to be about eight de-

cheese, sugar and cranberries:

"Tell me a story!" repeated Mr. mint of money in this town of Austin. hundred and eight miles a day. The about equal to that of the upper rooms We will just have to have a new frying charts also show that the drift of Antarc- in a high house a drier climate prevailed try," pan before spring. As soon as my old- tie ice extends very nearly to the Cape than at lower levels, and with a daily going to last, the way they are going now, more than a few months longer. I only got that box of matches at Little fond Rock last Fourth of July. Our coffee pot can't last forever, and I'll have to invest in a new one. I should think you would throw whole cans of condensed milk at me for the chance to tap all that trade," and reaching over, he "A very short one," added the girl. endeavored to extricate a piece of to-"Well, go shead," said the good- bacco from the box, remarking once natured old fellow. And he sat down more: "I should think you would give on a barrel of potatoes, and his young me a can of condensed milk just to alvisitors placed themselves one on each lure me ---." He didn't finish, for the grocer, who had been getting mad-"One Christmas-time." the boy be- der and madder, actually did give him

further indu ements, made another dive "Mrs. Todd, Neal Todd, Hetty Todd at the cranberries, and passed out like and Puppy Todd," prompted the girl, a beautiful dream.—Texas Siftings.
"Yes, it was them," said the boy: and went on with his story again. -- The population of Nevada County, "Mrs. Todd was Neal's and Hetty's California, is increasing steadily. One mother—they hadn't any father; he woman there gave birth recently to her died three years ago—and Puppy was twentiety child.

WHOLE NO. 665.

Divorce and Remarriage.

The curious things revealed by the

marriage and divorce records, when

studied, have often been remarked. A line or two which, standing alone, have little that is suggestive of romance, sorrow, or humor, may, when investigated, reveal a story of more absorbing interest than half the narratives which pass under the head of fiction. It is no secret that many of the most successful novelists have made a practice of drawing their characters from real life and weaving about the actual experience in some humble walk in society a tale which in most cases passes as entirely the product of the imagination. In these days of publicity for nearly ev-erything that is remarkable in social life the romance-writer need scarcely be at a loss to find topics, characters and plots. A daily newspaper can not fail to supply in a few weeks enough that is romantic, tragic and strikingly original to keep a very ready writer of fiction busy for years, if he has the capacity to improve the material which is at hand. It is only a few weeks since an attractive young woman in Chicago was induced by her relatives to leave her husband on account of his intemperance. Soon afterward she filed a bill for divorce, and in due time was made a free woman. While living at her father's house, it was supposed thoroughly weaned from her discarded spouse, she disappeared mysteriously one day, and her parents were sorely perplexed as to the cause. and the two-dollar bill that the boss In a few days, however, the young wohad given her to buy a Christmas dinman's absence was explained by the receipt of a letter, written by her in a Southern city, which contained the surprising information that she had eloped with her former nusband, to whom she had been remarried and with whom she

was now living happily. at Detroit, Mich., recently set aside a decree of divorce granted thirteen years ago, the parties thereto applying for the order and expressing a desire to try matrimony a second time. The Judge, in granting their petition, prudently advised them to go before a magistrate and

Mr. Onosander Golong laughed aloud | Harriet Monroe were married a few divorced in 1860, since which time the "So he looked like Santa Claus?" he Major had been traveling in foreign lands. A few years ago Prof. John Esputa

> was a well-known organist at Washingington, D. C. His health failing, he sisted one day last summer that a carant pastor of St. Stephen's Church was property to his now lawful wife. equity suit against his wife, and placed

it in the hands of Mr. Cahill, who filed it in court the next morning. This fall, in Chicago, Virtue Blair filed a bill for divorce from her husband, Robert Biair. She had petitioned for a divorce from him twice before, but each time returned to him after renewing their vows of loyalty and devotion and dismissing the suit. They are well-todo people, just beyond middle life.-

The London Meteorological Office has recently published an important series of meteorological charts for the ocean district adjacent to the Cape of Good Hope. These charts, numbering twenty-four, in twelve pairs, one pair for each month. are based upon a hundred and fortyseven thousand sets of observations, furnished mostly by merchant ships traversing this district (between latitude into the shop (having evidently trans- densed much. Gimme half a can for a 30 degrees and 50 degrees south of longlated the name "Golong" over the door dime. I suppose you will throw in a litude 10 degrees and 40 degrees east) into "Come in"), and was asking for piece of soap as an inducement," and and extending over a period of twentyit with his eyes. And as he rose from the gentleman from Arkansaw took a four years. Among the results arrived patting the dog, he saw two children handful of brown sugar to mitigate the at by an analysis of this immense mass of data are some which will be of great practical value to ships navigating this

It is found that the winds and storms

off the seas around the Cape of Good

part of the Southern Ocean.

reversed in the Southern Hemisphere, and that the rate of progress the Cape gales usually attain is about twenty-five miles per hour. The Agulhas current, grees warmer than the neighboring "You lay in a great deal of provisions | the high temperature of 70 degrees to "I should say so. I expect to drop a a speed varying from forty-six to one said that it was found that at a height est boy is seventeen-he only lacks two of Good Hope, and that in the southern range not much greater, and much less years of it right now-he will want a summer the danger to ships making box of blacking, and perhaps a paper | their passages south of the forty-fifth parallel is greatly increased. As the data show that the rate of sailing was fastest on the forty-third parallel (that and other vessels, which not unfrequently run ice risks by going too far south, will lose nothing by following the safer course round the "Cape of Storms."

> of charts, based on all the early and latest observations, may be prepared for the still more stormy and dangerous and two daughters. An unmarried ocean adjacent to Cape Horn. A new work of this kind, embodying the ex- also lived for the most of his time with perience of thousands of ships and dis the children. A short time ago one of atum much felt by navigators, and it while, died. In a little while Taylor could hardly fail to yield results of great | died. In a week or two more the other value to the world's commerce.— \vec{N} . \vec{Y} . Herald.

Judge Jennison, of the Circuit Court

Major Alexander Monroe and Mrs. weeks ago at Findlay, O. They were

went to Florida, where in 1881 he commenced proceedings for a divorce from his wife Mary. A decree was granted, and a few weeks later he instituted a suit against her for a partition of cerpletely broken in health, arrived in the city. Remaining at the residence of a riage should be ordered and that he should be taken to the residence of his former wife, which he would make his home. She received him kindly and cared for him tenderly. After the lapse of a few days it was decided that the couple should be remarried. A license was thereupon procured and the assistsent for, as also Mr. D. E. Cahill, and in the evening the marriage service was performed. Immediately afterward Mr. Cahili, on the direction of Prof. Esputa, drew his will, bequeathing his also signed an order to dismiss the

Chicago Times. Weather Charts for the Southern

preci-ely as they do in Europe and the United States, though, of course, the rotation of eyclone and anti-cyclone is running to the southwest off the southwaters in the same latitude, carrying the thirty-ninth southern parallel, with both north and south of that line the conditions were less favorable for making the passage of the Cape) emigrant It is to be hoped that, now the meteorology of this region is elucidated for the benefit of the mariner, a similar series

conversation with a New Yorker, speaking of the stagnation in business, said: hogs in Chicago to-day." The friend replied in astonishment: "Why, I

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PITH AND POINT. -Walt Whitman exclaims in one of his poems: "Give me solitude?" Very

easily obtained, sir. Start to take up a

collection for the Washington Monument.—Boston Post. -The stage-driver on a mail route in Arizona has resigned. Masked robbers have filled him so full of bullets that he intends to lease himself to parties who have been prospecting for a lead mine. -The Judge.

-Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides, but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers. - Toledo American.

-An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: "Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.

-Jennie June sighs for a scientific dressmaker. What is it but science that calls for twenty-eight yards of goods in a dress so tight that the wearer can't draw a long breath without hearing buttons fly?-Detroit Kree Press. -"Did you say, sir, that I looked

fike the monkey in that cage over there," asked Filkinson in angry tones.
"No, Filky," replied Fogg; "I simply said that the monkey looked like you; and to tell you the truth, I don't believe the brute more than balf liked it either." -Boston Transcript. -A brother journalist asks us if it will be too much trouble for us, in crediting items from his paper, to add his name also to the credit. Certainly not, if the gentleman will kindly add to the Boomerang credit the number of our lock box and the casual remark that

this will be a long, cold, dreary winter to those who do not subscribe at once.-Laramie Boomerang. -A London paper describes an American girl in that city who "wears a gown with a flight of embroidered swalows, beginning on her left shoulder and ending at her right foot; and swallows also fly about her parasol." The American youth in London is also addicted to "swallows," but they don't begin on his nose and run down his throat .- Norris-

town Herald.

Justice to Jim Webster, who was the principal witness in an assault and battery case. "Uncle Ike, dah, he hit de fust lick," replied Jim. "Are you positive that Uncle lke struck the first blow?" "Ob course I is. Didn't I see him reach out and hit de fust lick; but how many licks he hit befo' dat fust one, or how many licks de udder niggah hit him fust, am more dan I'se willin' to swar ter."-Texas Siftings.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-Within the last twenty-five years the

steam pressures of locomotives have

-" What I want to know is who

struck the first blow?" said an Austin

been increased from 60 pounds to over 160 pounds to the square inch. -Miss Bettie Green, of Forsyth County, Ga., has two silk dresses which she made herself, having raised the worms, spun the silk, colored and woven it with her own hands. -A gentleman in England has in his

edroom an electric bell which warns of

any burglarious approach, and an indi-

cator showing whether the garden gate, the hall door or that of the kitchen, or any one of the windows of the house is the point of attack .- N. Y. Tribune. -With a new apparatus for ascertaining the velocity of railway trains, a train weighing 125 tons and traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour has been found to run a few feet more than

five miles after steam had been shut off. The track was level and the day calm. -St. Louis Globe. -The gathering of fir cones to obtain the seed for export is quite an industry in Payallup Valley, Washington Territory. The cones are dried in the hop furnaces until the seed fall out, when it is packed up and sold for export. Large quantities of this seed are planted in Europe. The fir seeds bring from \$5 to \$8 per pound. - Chicago Times.

-A French writer estimates the mini-

mum annual consumption of nickel in

England at 500 tons, and places Ger-

many second with 300 tons, the United

States third with 200, and France fourth

with 100. The Engineering and Mining

Journal says that, in view of the fact that in this country nickel-plating has reached an extensive use nowhere else approached, not to mention the consumption for coinage, this estimate is probably far below the actual figures. -A writer in the Industrial Review advises the introduction of the bamboo in the Southern States. Though capable of growing on the uplands, it is said to be especially suited to marshy regions, such as fringe the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Its uses are numerous. As a timber for building and construction purposes, for tools, implements, etc., it is well known. As an

article of food its young shoots serve as

substitutes for vegetables, and are pro-

nounced delicious. Bamboo curry and

chow-chow are excellent. The growing plant is invaluable also as a defense against malaria, sweeping fires, and cyclones. -At the Sanitary Congress in England the other day the Hon. F. A. Russell cold on the coldest and on foggy nights than down below. The practical conclusions seemed to be that invalids and delicate persons should generally be placed in high, sheltered situations, in the highest rooms of a house, and by no means on a ground floor; that every house ought to be built on arches, or thoroughly ventilated below, and raised

Extinction of a Family.

A remarkable instance of the extinc-

on piers above the ground level.

tion of a family has occurred near Roxana, N. C. Jacob Evans and his wife died a year or two ago and left two sons brother of Mrs. Evans named Taylor cussing all obtainable data, is a desider- the daughters, who had married meandaughter died, and was followed to the grave in a few days more by one of the brothers. The other orother and only -A provision broker of Chicago, in remaining fragment of the family has been for some time at the point of death. though at present is reported better. "Why, it is a positive fact that there are less than two hundred thousand dressed space of little more than a month. The space of little more than a month. The family are said to have been mentally weak, and when death removed the first thought your population something over the rest gave way to melancholy and half a million."—Boston Traveller. died.—North Carolina Paper.